



# THE CENTRE



# OF VISION

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“In seeking of the great things we cannot do, we often overlook and leave undone the small things we might have done, and which God intended we should do.”

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## Twentieth Annual Alumni Banquet

Herman MacNeil, the sculptor, whose father's orchard forms the boundary line between Everett and Chelsea, was the principal guest at the twentieth annual dinner of the Massachusetts Normal Art School Alumni Association, at which the question of establishing a traveling scholarship was the subject for discussion.

Mr. MacNeil, as the winner of the Reinhart prize, and as a man who has spent four years in Rome without losing the intense Americanism which is his chief characteristic, is well qualified to speak on the results of giving a man such a scholarship. In fact, it was fairly well agreed by the half-dozen speakers after dinner that a traveling scholarship must be established in the Normal Art School; the mere matter of how to do it remains to be settled.

The alumni fairly filled the great dining-room of the Twentieth Century club on Joy street. President Charles W. Furlong being in South America, Mrs. Wilhelmina Dranga Campbell, the vice-president, was in the chair, and she introduced as toastmaster Charles A. Lawrence, who presented the speakers most felicitously.

Before proceeding to the subject of the evening, officers were elected, President Furlong, Vice-President Mrs. Campbell, Secretary and Treasurer Ellen F. O'Connor all being re-elected. Miss Edith Richardson was elected assistant secretary and treasurer. The new executive committee includes Grace Ripley, Amy R. Whittier, Harry L. Jones, Alexander Miller, Walter N. Stiles, Jennie E. Bailey, Helen E. Cleves, Laura M. Marceau, Charles Perry, and Augustus Rose.

Guests of the club were Thomas B. Fitzpatrick and Kate Gannett Wells, both of whom are members of the state board of education, as well as the board of visitors of the Art School. Principal George H. Bartlett, of the school, and members of the faculty were also present as guests.

The first speaker was Albert H. Munsell, who read a carefully-prepared paper on "Scholarships in This and Other Countries."

Mr. MacNeil's own talk was instructive, and still conservative; he showed the little need of the beginner to rush to Europe, and yet added that the broadening effect of European experience was almost necessary to make a well-rounded man.



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**"It's a poor business looking at the sun with a cloudy face."**

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Miss Celeste Allbright spoke from the standpoint of the interior decorator, Josiah Haywood from the point of view of the man interested in constructive design, Leslie P. Thompson as a painter, and Fred Daniels as a teacher.

The sense of the meeting was that strength must be added in a material way to make effective the section of the association's constitution, which provides for the establishment of a traveling scholarship. The work is to be undertaken in a material way, and several private subscriptions are expected to make the plan feasible within a measurable time.

Through the kindness of Mr. Munsell, we are able to print his carefully-prepared paper on

### **"Scholarships in This and Other Countries."**

Traveling scholarships are the highest form of encouragement which a state or an institution can offer to the art student. Properly used, they widen the horizon and enrich the memory. But lack either of intelligent direction, singleness of aim, or force of character may easily defeat the purpose of the scholarship, and bring disappointment to the recipient, as well as to those who awarded it.

Masterpieces of art should be studied in the environment which produced them. The stimulus of foreign travel and a feeling that we are not likely to pass that way again also lends piquancy to our perceptions. It often happens that a student would best profit by such experience at a period which finds him without the necessary funds. This artistic need is to be met by the scholarship, and commends the student to favorable attention, both here and abroad.

In Europe the interests of art are a subject of government concern, but here they are left to private initiative. Although this state has given free instruction in elementary art for more than one generation, it has not yet seen fit to establish a traveling scholarship for advanced study. The possibility of such action was discussed in a paper contributed to the report of the board of education for 1891-'92, but it seems easier to enlist help for the educational phases of art or its industrial applications than for purely aesthetic development. Perhaps the day may come when, as in France, the museums, schools of art, and public edifices will form parts of a closely articulated organization, recognizing the mutual dependence of fine and decorative art.

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“He who has acquired learning and not practiced what he has learned is like a man who plows but sows no seed.”

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In this country, however, there are more than three score prizes and scholarships awarded through schools or private committees, which range in amount from \$3,000 down to less than \$100. Only a few afford sufficient income for a trip abroad, which to an American student involves the expense of two ocean voyages, while for the European student it is only a question of twenty-four hours in a railway carriage. With an income of less than \$500, the margin over cost of transportation is insufficient, and it is doubtful whether less than \$1,000 a year for two years can obtain the best results.

Expert advice is necessary in the use of a scholarship, for the selected student is generally unacquainted with foreign travel, often ignorant of the languages to be spoken, and prone to embark as gaily as a child on an unknown voyage. He needs careful preparation as to choice of route, subject and mode of study, scale of expense, and even such homely details as food, clothing, and medicine, which wear a different guise in each country.

Any new venture in the way of such a scholarship should avail itself of the experience and traditions gained by its well-established predecessors, and we cannot do better than study the most successful one in Europe, known as the Prix de Rome.

This prize dates back to the times of Richelieu and Colbert. For two centuries, promising French students have been offered several years' residence in Italy, with all expenses paid by their government, and the probability of state employment after their return to France, thus guaranteeing uninterrupted artistic development, without fear as to income, during five or six of their most impressionable years. These chosen natures are gathered into an artistic family of some twenty painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and musicians, presided over by a distinguished artist, domiciled in the beautiful Villa Medici, and with an entrée to the most cultivated society. How could any open nature fail to respond to such rich opportunities?

But such rare privileges,—the highest in the gift of their nation,—are not lightly won. Each year there are held a series of competitive tests of the severest sort, which eliminate all but ten of the applicants. Those who survive are subjected to a final test in the composition and execution of an original work, whose subject is not disclosed until they are “en loge,” which means a sort of solitary confinement to render any



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“The smallest good deed is better than the grandest good intention.”

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outside influence impossible. If there be any essential change of the original sketch and any hint of artistic stealing, it suffices to exclude the work without further question. Two months are allowed for its completion, and the results exhibited. The hall is then closed for a day while the jury deliberates, and finally the public are invited to view the award. Some idea of the intense strain of such a competition may be gained from the correspondence of Henri Regnault, who won in 1866, after having twice failed.

The happy winner, elated by a rich prospect opening before him, and warmly congratulated by his friends, may hardly realize the chagrin of less fortunate competitors. But their loss may not be so great as for the moment it seems. Real ability cannot fail to find expression in spite of temporary discouragement, and both Bastien LePage and Barye proved that it could be the incentive to broader development.

A pathetic monument in the Mulberry Court of the Beaux Arts Palace is pointed out to the artist visitor. It commemorates a young sculptor, who, failing to gain the much-coveted prize, scraped together his meagre funds and went to Rome at his own expense. Although pinched by hunger and poor housing, he set bravely about the creation of a statue that should prove his worthiness. The winter was severe, and his strength diminished. One cold night, depriving himself even of bed clothes, for fear that the clay of his statue might freeze, he precipitated a fever which resulted in his death. When this became known to his comrades, they paid to have a cast taken of the unfinished work, which has since been highly praised by Rodin. Later the government reproduced the fragment in bronze, and it now stands as a tardy recognition which the machinery of art denied to him in life.

The history of the Prix de Rome may be traced by the “envois” of its recipients, preserved in an adjoining hall of the palace. Their signatures include many leading names in French art. Ingres, Flandrin, Gérôme, Regnault, Boulanger, Baudry, Besnard, Laurens, Maignan are a few among the painters, not to attempt a list of sculptors, engravers, architects, and musicians who have won this distinction.

However, we should not be blind to the fact that in France two very opposite views as to the influence of this official encouragement of art are entertained. One exalts it as a powerful factor in the prestige which attaches to French art, both decorative and fine. The other

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“The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.”

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claims that it stifles originality, draws a tight academic garb over nature, and only enhances mediocrity. Very definite requirements and pretty close supervision are exercised as to the use of each of the four years, although the artist is nominally independent in his own studio at the Villa Medici, which has been called “a veritable earthly paradise.”

In the *Century Magazine* for May, 1905, Arthur Hoeber gave an interesting account of this prize. The original royal grant (1666) provided that a house should be bought or leased in Rome, and should carry the arms of the king of France. The young men were to get up at 5 o'clock in summer and at 6 in winter, and retire at 10. They were to say their prayers morning and evening, and were warned not to swear. They ate with their rector, who designated one of their number to read history at each meal. One wonders if they attempted the history of France in six volumes, which a young bride suggested to her husband would be “so nice to read together.”

The first year they are required to send back as evidence of their progress a figure from life. The second year a painting of at least two figures is required. The next year, a copy of some masterpiece; and the last year, the painting of an important subject approved by the director, and containing several figures. As each man returns to France after these four years of travel and study, the school makes an exhibition of his total product for that time, and the public reach some sort of a decision as to his artistic promise. We should remember that this is the outcome of a closely connected chain of scholarships and prizes that leads back to the smallest provincial art schools, and is adapted to discover every artistic nature worthy of help, no matter how hampered and obscure. The steps by which some peasant's child has thus risen to world-wide notice offers fascinating material for the historian of art.

Other European countries maintain traveling scholarships, but none rival the Prix de Rome in wealth of traditions and results. It naturally becomes a standard of excellence, in any consideration of American scholarships. One of our guests, Herman MacNeil, won the Reinhart prize in Baltimore, and spent most of the four years in Rome. Since his return he has gained a national reputation as a sculptor. Another guest, Leslie Thompson, has added to the fame of the

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[Continued on page 156.]



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“Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.”

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### Faculty Reception

The annual faculty reception tendered to the entire school faculty and friends was given by the students in the large lecture hall on Thursday, May 7. In spite of the heavy downpour, the affair was a success, both financially and socially, there being over 200 present. The former fact has not been true for a number of years, and was the cause of much planning by the committee.

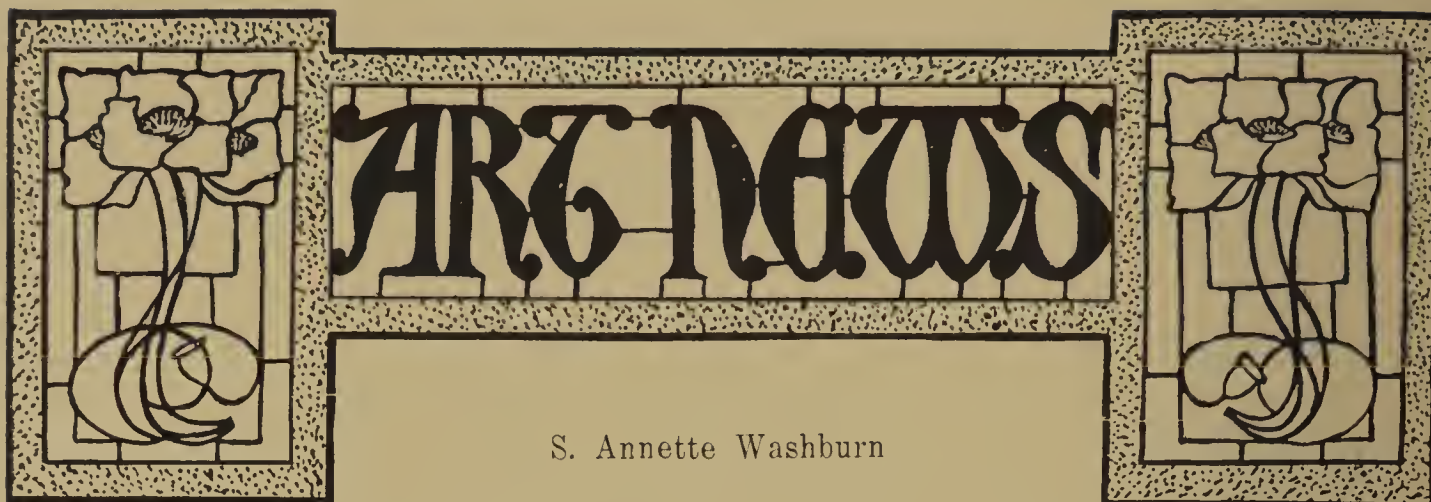
As is the custom, the palms were furnished in profusion by Thomas Galvin, the florist, and the Persian rugs were from the Oriental rug department of the Jordan, Marsh Company, while the blue velour drapery in the back of the stage was sent from R. H. White Company.

The reception took place immediately after 8, the faculty being represented by our principal, George H. Bartlett, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Wells, Miss Bailey, Miss Hathaway, Miss Plaisted, Mr. and Mrs. Vesper L. George, and Mr. Martin. The students were delighted that so many of their instructors had been able to be present.

A short concert programme followed, which consisted of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," by Poole's orchestra; soprano solo, "Love the Pedler," by Miss Alice Pilsbury; banjo solo, "Blue Ribbon March," Hall, by Cecil Farrar; tenor solo, "Moon of Roses" Johns, by Philip O'Keefe; Spanish dance by Miss Annette Washburn; reading, "Mystic Trumpeter," Whitman, by Miss Flora Enright, Philip O'Keefe playing the musical translation of the phases of the poem; tenor solo by Wilbur H. Burnham; soprano solo by Miss Alice Pilsbury; piano solo, "Minuet," Paderewski, by Alvan Winter. Mr. Winter played the accompaniments for Miss Pilsbury and Mr. Farrar.

After the concert dancing was enjoyed until midnight, to the delightful accompaniment of Poole's orchestra. An unusual feature of the dancing was a flower cotillion, the first figure of which was executed by Miss Washburn and Mr. Perry, Miss Enright and Mr. O'Keefe, Miss Nason and Mr. Perkins, Miss Pooke and Mr. Packard, Miss Rand and Mr. Fancy, Miss Butterfield and Mr. Fox, Miss Edmonds and Mr. Jacobs, Miss Pilsbury and Mr. Winter, Miss Stephens and Mr. Hibbard, Miss Warren and Mr. Bates. The favors were pink roses for the girls and carnations for the men.

We, the students of the school, enjoyed the evening's entertainment to the fullest, and heartily thank every one concerned in making it what it should be, the greatest purely social event in our school year.



"The exhibition of paintings by the Ten American Painters in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts may be set down as the best exhibition of American paintings ever held. This is my sufficient excuse for referring to it so late in the day. It is a thousand pities that this exhibition cannot be transferred en bloc to Boston, and I understand that there have been some tentative negotiations to this end, but it is now late in the spring, and the show is about to close. An effort was made by some of the artist-members of the Boston Art Club to arrange for the transfer of the collection to the Art Club galleries, but it came too late, and dates could not conveniently be arranged. Report has it that there has been some talk of an invasion of London by the Ten. Such an exhibition as that in the Pennsylvania Academy would certainly make London sit up and take notice, if good painting has not been too long obsolete there. For it must be distinctly understood that I am not boasting about American art when I say that it would not be possible to get together in any other country such a collection of ninety-four paintings by contemporary artists.

"It is now exactly ten years since the Ten seceded from the Society of American Artists and flocked by themselves. Their decennial is marked by this white stone—an exhibition in which each one of the Ten was asked to exhibit ten works, and the effort has been to present those works by which the men would most care to be represented. And, as Mr. Trask truly remarks in his introduction to the catalogue, this collection gives fuller opportunity for a study of their aims and accomplishments than it has been possible to make within the confines of a single gallery. The installation of the collection, too, is an object lesson in the artistic arrangement of pictures; every work is on the line, and every work has free space about it. There is no attempt to group the canvases by individuals. The collection is hung with a single eye to the best general effect. The three galleries fairly 'sing' in perfect unison.



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“To dare to avow himself is a painter’s greatest strength.”

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“Many have been the aspirations for an American school of painting. We have always been looking forward to the time when we could say with truth that our painters were different from the painters of this, that, and the other school on the farther side of the ocean. The Ten are not going to satisfy this yearning so far as subject-matter goes; they are not preoccupied by national sentiment; they are not concerned for the illustration of American life as such. But in one way, a very important way—perhaps the most important way—they have struck out a path of their own, which, since they are Americans, must be regarded as an American accomplishment, whether they have ever thought of it as such or not. I refer to the purely technical perfection of their work, a perfection which is seen at its highest degree of development in the pictures of the Bostonians, Tarbell, Benson, and DeCamp.

“These men have passed through a period of subjection to the influence of the French impressionist school of painting, have drawn what nourishment there was in it for them, and have emerged from it, fortified, but freed from its mannerisms. They are as modern as artists can be who are cognizant of the traditions of great art. One sees, for example, in Mr. Tarbell’s interiors with figures, that he is necessarily an admirer of the work of the little masters of the stripe of Vermeer of Delft, and Pieter de Hoogh and Gabriel Metsu; we could not help seeing that in his ‘Girl Crocheting,’ belonging to Mr. Pratt, but, as he goes on, we see it less distinctly in his subsequent pictures in this class, such as the ‘New England Interior,’ belonging to Miss Catherine Codman, the ‘Girl Cutting Patterns’ (painted this year), and the recent ‘Preparing for the Matinée,’ belonging to the St. Louis Museum of Art. That is to say, he is not losing ground, but gaining in freedom of expression and originality of style; and the ‘Preparing for the Matinée’ marks a distinct advance in his command of his art, his individuality, and his distinction.

“It is Mr. Tarbell’s present and constant merit that he is absorbed in the beauty of his *métier* to the exclusion of all other considerations. He is not a philosopher, like G. F. Watts; he is not a symbolist, like Gustave Moreau; he is not a sentimentalist, like Jules Breton; and while he is not without a modicum of the illustrator’s interest in the human element, he is in a very limited sense an illustrator, like Meissonier. In his devotion to actuality he is more nearly related to Degas on the one hand and to the Little Masters on the other. But his style,

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“He is educated who is master of himself and of his task.”

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which is increasingly independent, tends to grow away from all his fore-runners without losing its pungency or delicacy. His types are American. The girl in his ‘Preparing for the Matinée’ is intensely American in her grace, her fragility, her aplomb, qualities which combine to form a new order of personal attractiveness.

“We have had some pretty fair painters in America, but I seriously doubt if any of them have ever exhibited a group of ten paintings equal to the ten works here shown by Mr. Tarbell: ‘Preparing for the Matinée,’ ‘Girl Cutting Patterns,’ ‘New England Interior,’ ‘Bos’n’s Hill,’ ‘Edward Robinson,’ ‘Rehearsal in the Studio,’ ‘Summer Idyl,’ ‘Dr. Henry Lee Morse,’ ‘Girls Reading,’ and ‘Mrs. A.’

“Mr. Benson chose for his ten works a group which represents all the sweetness and charm of his sunlit summer visions. As one entered the first room in the suite of galleries, his ‘Eleanor,’ a lovely girl in pale rose pink muslin, contrasted with a white picket fence, green foliage, and a glimpse of distant blue water, greeted the eyes with a smiling and sunny cheer of color which was like a bird’s song in a spring morning, a thing so full of joy and spontaneity that it made the day happy. There were also his indescribably delicate and luminous pictures of his daughters in their light summer gowns, ‘The Sisters’ and ‘Three Sisters,’ with ‘The Rainy Day,’ ‘The Sunny Room,’ etc. Most of these paintings have been seen in Boston, but it is a revelation of what a painter is, of what he is doing, of what he stands for, to see so many of his choicest canvases brought together. Mr. Benson does not always strike twelve, but when he is most himself, when he is in the vein, there is no one to excel him in freshness, purity, sweetness, freedom, and the joy of living.

“The reader scarcely needs to be reminded how finely Mr. DeCamp has forged to the front in his recent works. ‘The Guitar-Player’ was the chief pictorial success of the season in Boston, and has been bought by the Museum of Fine Arts. His ‘The Cellist,’ ‘The Brown Veil,’ and ‘Sally,’ with six other canvases, go to form a group which places him well to the fore among the most accomplished artists of the period. ‘The Pink Feather,’ as the alternative title for ‘The Brown Veil’ runs, is one of those happy hits which are landmarks in an artist’s career. In it the observer finds a new and irresistible version of the Eternal Feminine, set forth with flawless perfection.

“It is worth recording that of the Ten Painters in this group, seven



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“The wise man prizes and practices three things, gentleness, economy, industry.”

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were born in Massachusetts. Dewing and Hassam are natives of Boston; Benson was born in Salem; Tarbell in Groton; Simmons in Concord; Reid in Stockbridge; and Metcalf in Lowell. DeCamp is a native of Ohio, Chase of Indiana, and Weir of New York state.”

The fourth exhibition of students' work under the auspices of the Students' Club was held at the Boston Art Club galleries from April 24 to 30, inclusive. It was the best and most extensive that has ever been held.

A very large number of the pictures shown were the work of past and present students of this school. The prize portrait, “My Grandfather,” was done by a former student, Miss Rosamond Coolidge, while the best pencil-drawing done by a member of the Students' Club was by Miss Mary Brooks, who is in the Portrait Class, under Mr. DeCamp. Miss Margaret Evans, whose work covered a large portion of the south wall of the second room, is considered one of the best students who have attended this school. Her work is restrained, yet has the strength and inspiration of youth.

The past and present of our school was represented by work from Miss Grace Stack, Miss Florence Richmond, Harley Perkins, Miss Margaret Rogers, Miss Rita Grant, Miss Rosamond Coolidge, Miss Jessie Burbank, Miss Mildred Barnes, Charles Mabie, Herbert Packard, Wilbur Burnham, Miss Mary Brooks, Miss Louise Beale, and Miss Margaret Evans.

There is a large exhibition from every class of the school to be sent very shortly to the International Art Teachers' Congress at London in June. The work of students up to the present year is represented.

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### The Stitch

“My dear, darling daughter,” said Michael O’Lee, taking his child upon his knee, “I’ve a tale that you’re needing, I fear. ’Twas told to your mother long years ago, and she’s profited by it, you’ll see.

“’Tis of a gurl and a boy in the country back home, when the times were simple and gay. Her name was Maggie Magee, and me eye, but she was a fine gurl. All of the boys were paying their attentions to her, as was done at that time in the old country. The smartest and the prettiest she was in all Glengariff, when the blue of her eye turned as dark as the night as Barney O’Brien came down.

“Oh, but Barney O’Brien was the choicest of boys. He would

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“It is much easier to be critical than correct.”

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think it shame to himself to find wan to fist him and beat him. His face was fine and open, and his air was so aisy that every gurrl in the county would sigh when she saw him pass down to the house of Maggie Magee.

“Now Maggie and Barney together wan day, when the sun was shining much brighter than usual, went into the meadows and under the trees. The birds were singing, and the valley lay as bright and quiet as the sun on the grass blades.

“They were seated together side by side on a grassy hillock in the shade. They talked not at all, but smiled and sighed as they looked at each other. So they smiled and sighed, and were happy and sad, for they lived in their present like children.

“O give me, daughter dear, an Irish courtship for its light-hearted simplicity and foolish happiness! No thought of a future, but just of the day and the love that fills it, as the sun fills the valleys in that dear land and brightens up every leaf that it strikes.

“Now Barney O’Brien, like a true Irish lover, hastened ‘the day’ as much as dear Maggie would let him. He spoke to the priest, and the banns were read. What excitement it caused as the news was spread!

“So they went to the church, as foolish and shy as was possible for a pair to be, and there was the priest as solemn and grand, and the people all gathered around.

“But as shy, blushing Maggie went up to the priest, with proud Barney starting behind, a tremor was felt to pass through the crowd, for the bridegroom had suddenly stopped. His eye had discovered a terrible sight. He turned, tried to speak, but fled through the door with a yell that was sad and prophetic. Maggie dear never saw Barney again, and never one knew why it was.

“My dear, years passed; Maggie grew pale and thin, till at last they buried her all alone. Then more years passed yet; but one morning the priest got a letter from one who had heard the dying confession of Barney O’Brien.

“It said at the end: ‘So Barney O’Brien sobbed as he cried: “I loved her, but oh! something awful I spied,—a hole in her stocking!” and so he died.’

“So, daughter, beware of the slackness of youth, for mother has told you so often the truth about the mending of stockings. Now I call it to mind how a stitch taken oftentimes will surely save nine.”

S. Annette Washburn.





# EDITORIALS

Seniors! Do we realize that we are entering upon our last month of perhaps the most enjoyable four years of our lives? June will be upon us before we know it. Then we separate and enter upon a new life entirely different from any we have ever experienced. In this new life we will show of what kind of material we are made, and a life that will need all the knowledge we have gained in this school, if we intend to follow our chosen professions.

Juniors! You have at your command all the fundamentals of your three-years' training, and are beginning to appreciate your instructions, and are capable of understanding the whys and wherefores much more than ever before.

Sophomores! Yours is the harder task. You have just begun to grasp the principles that your instructors are giving you, and your work should be of the hardest kind from now on. "Work" should be your motto.

Freshmen! You have much ahead of you. If your work during the past year has not been successful, choose some other profession. Your heart must be thoroughly in your work, and you must have some definite profession in mind, and strive and work hard for that goal.

We now are looking forward and preparing the June issue of the CENTRE OF VISION. The Commencement number will contain forty pages, with cuts of the graduating class, editorial board, school and surroundings, baseball teams, and many minor cuts. The school directory will appear, as usual. In the literary line, Herman MacNeil, the sculptor, has written an article on "Scholarships from the Sculptor's Standpoint," which will be the main topic, with the usual monthly features. All material must be handed to the editor not later than June 1.

Owing to illness, Miss Jean Kimber, the alumni editor, was unable to contribute to the alumni column for this issue. Miss Kimber has been confined to her bed for the past two weeks, but is on the road to recovery.



E. B. Ayer

"Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man."

—Young.

To how many of us does this apply? More, perhaps, than wish to acknowledge it. And here comes to mind the few lines of poetry:—

"Our skies would all be brighter,  
Our burdens would be lighter,  
Our deeds would all be whiter  
If we'd only pause and think." —Waterman.

So when we make criticisms of an adverse nature, let us not forget to word them so as to aid, and not to offend. More real good can often be obtained from a criticism of this sort than from many words of praise.

Nearly all the cover designs on the exchanges received by this school could be made far more attractive by the application of "good drawing."

The High School Times is one marked exception, however, as its cover designs are always well drawn, appropriate, and neat. The one on the April number is exceptionally good. We are pleased to note that the Times has developed a very interesting exchange column.

A short, but stirring, article on "Lincoln" is to be found in the Cardinal.

The story, "The Pale Student," in the Enterprise, justly deserves a word of commendation, as it is somewhat above the average story of school papers.

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### Scholarships in This and Other Countries

[Continued from page 148.]

Paige scholarship in Boston by the fine exhibit of results obtained during his two years abroad. So, rather than weary by a dry account of sundry prizes, let me congratulate you on this chance to hear at first hand from Herman MacNeil and Leslie Thompson, who have made such distinguished use of the advantages of a traveling scholarship.



# Class Notes

Gertrude Nason

'08

Charles R. Mabie

Our school spirit is very taking; we hope it is not our class spirit. Where are the good faculty reception posters? Ask the school spirit.

We all enjoyed Miss Washburn's Spanish dance very much, especially the encore on Friday.

They say that a goat can eat tin cans, but Mr. Randel goes him one better.

The Public School Class enjoyed afternoon tea with Miss Laing.

Which would you rather ride in, an automobile or a horse?

Dear Mr. Editor: A controversy has arisen in our studio, and we would fain ask your sage advice regarding it: If two people have lived opposite each other for years, traveling back and forth in the same cars, and at last become teacher and pupil, may they be considered to know each other?

Students' classes in dancing

Conducted by

Miss Margaret Brown.

We congratulate the pupils of our school who were fortunate enough to enter work at the Students' Art Club exhibition.

'09

Constance Bevan

Daniel R. Stewart

We are all being so good. Not one of us would miss that picnic for anything. M——l feels pinie now, but won't she be spruce then?

C——a has gone into the poultry business. Now she has a hen sitting tranquilly on duck's eggs.

Well, have you found out about your 'naatomy stiffcate, Bevan?

Did every one see Carla's balloon? Pa bought it for her on Boylston street. Who got it down from the ceiling?

Our genial Mr. Loring has taken up his bed and walked. He now resides on St. Botolph street.

What a picnic twenty-eight of us had when we went to see "Class-mates"! Next time we go off together it will be a sure enough picnic, where we will "all be seeing things."

---

“Do not allow Idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.”

---

Mr. Major (training a chorus for next year's faculty reception):  
“Now, girls, all together, to the tune of ‘Coon, coon, coon.’”

“Churn-churn-churn!

With her knees up under her chin,  
Churn-churn-churn,

What a bow-knot her stomach is in!”

“Now careful of the change in time, girls, one, two, three, four.”

“Tinker, tinker, tinker, tinker,  
See those brush strokes fall,  
Every one for Major,  
He just loves them all.”

At least one instructor is trying hard to do away with slang and careless speech. After telling some one to “Rubber-neck good and hard at her palette,” he begged pardon, and said: “Approach that individual and examine her palette carefully to determine exactly what colors she is using.”

Alice H. Stephens

’10

Edgar Breed

Thayer wishes all those who have not paid their class dues to date to be sure to do so as soon as possible. As an added inducement, he is giving double legal trading stamps to each person paying up before June 1.

The members of Mr. Munsell's studio who made the trip to Lexington should give Miss Gleason a vote of thanks for the luscious “quack fruit” that she provided as her part of the donation. Them was spiffy quacks, May.

If Thayer goes short on the class dues he's going to call on “Nichols.” He represents the only money in the class.

By the way, in the “Tiddle de Winks” game Thursday Mr. Nichols made a run of seven without slipping up. Freddie says practice makes perfect.

’Twas Monday morn when the lucky thirteen  
Did go to historical Lexington Green.



---

“It is working within limits that the artist reveals himself.”

---

Both Fred and Ruth were discovered ere lunch  
The only real “dead” ones alive in the bunch.  
They ascended the road that climbed the steep hill,  
A trifle hot! They remember it still.  
At last on the summit (’twas haunted, none knew),  
How woefully few were the pictures they drew.  
But soon, very soon, the dinner bell rang;  
From all four corners the hungry ones sprang.  
    “Have an egg,” “Eat a pickle.”  
    “Take a cuke”—“Stop that tickle.”  
    “Have a bun.”  
    “Chew this cake, it’s a wreck.”  
    “Here’s tomatoes, have a peck.”  
    “I like oranges, they’re lots of fun.”

And was the conversation much pedantic?  
Nay, it was partly quite romantic.  
Hope we shan’t, on our next antic,  
Drive the Marbleheaders frantic.

John Davis

’11

Bernice Staples

Miss Sn—w (turning to Bowley): “Oh, Mr. Brady, let me take your T square.” Maybe her mind was wandering.

“Get the hook” has been changed to “Get the ‘mop” in Miss Bailey’s studio.

Mrs. Ives has returned to school, after several weeks of absence.

Have you heard the harmony four in Miss Bartlett’s studio, led by Miss Weaver, the slab artist?

Mr. Maddocks says that if we are kept under glass in Mr. Cross’s studio much longer we will begin to blossom.

Little Pete: “Oh, I’m going home to mamma! The girls all pick on me in here. I’m going home.” (Poor dear!)

Out of the West with a cowboy troupe  
Joe Halvonson rides with a yell and a whoop,  
And all the bum artists at school did say:  
“The Rough Rider circus arrived to-day.”

Mr. Breed’s name is being thoughtfully considered by the Tau Delta Sorority as a possible member on account of his devotion to its welfare, or rather to G—— S——r.

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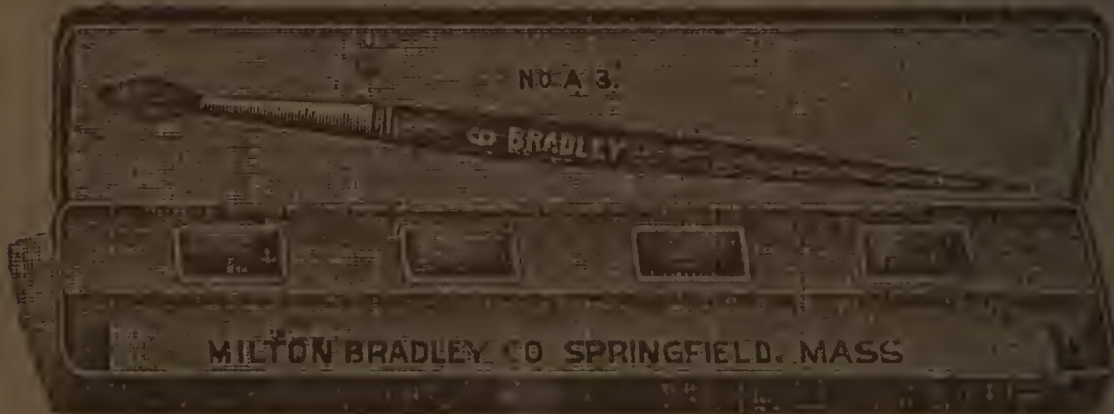


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